

FEAR

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ADVENTURE INTO **FEAR** WITH

THE MAN CALLED **MORBIUS**..

THE LIVING VAMPIRE



**CURSE
OF THE
CAT-
DEMON!**

FEAR-FRAUGHT THRILLS
IN THE TRADITION OF --
DRACULA!



Stan Lee PRESENTS: THE MAN CALLED **MORBIUS**..

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**DAWN! SHAFTS
OF GOLD PIERCE
THE VEIL OF SMOG
THAT HANGS OVER
LOS ANGELES...**



**...AND STRIKE
TERROR INTO THE
HEART OF THIS
MAN, THIS VAMPIRE
CALLED MORBIUS..**



**YOU SEE, MARTINE -- HOW HE FEARS LIGHT!
EVIL THINGS CANNOT STAND THE LIGHT!**

**Y-YES,
DAEMON.
I LOVED
HIM, ONCE,
BUT YOU
ARE
CORRECT..!**



**THE BRILLIANT
SCIENTIST
I CARED FOR IS
DEAD-- BURIED
WITHIN THIS
CREATURE OF
THE NIGHT--**

**-- THIS SERVITOR
OF THE SCIENTIFIC
DEMAGOGUES,
THE CARETAKERS.**

**PRECISELY! AND
IF OUR CULT IS TO
WREST THE DESTINY
OF MANKIND FROM
THEIR HANDS--**

**-- THIS
VAMPIRE
MUST
DIE!**



*INSGEAR AS MORBIUS KNOWS--R.T.



THE BAT-ENZYME
SERUM THAT SAVED
MY LIFE-- AND MADE
ME A VAMPIRE --
CAUSED ME TO
DEVELOP AN
ALLERGY TO
SUNLIGHT...

BUT--
ASHES!?!
WERE MY
SITUATION NOT
SO DESPERATE
I MIGHT BE
TEMPTED TO
LAUGH!

BUT
THE PERIL
IS STILL
QUITE REAL.
THIS ALLEY
LEADS
NOWHERE.



AND THERE
IS NO ACCESS
HERE TO A
SLEEPING PLACE
AWAY FROM
THE LIGHT!

THE DOORS
AND WINDOWS
OF THESE BUILDINGS
ARE BARRED!

THUS... I
SHALL HAVE
TO FACE THE
DAY AGAIN,
DESPITE
THE AGONY.



WAIT! WHAT'S
THAT BEHIND
ME--?

BALKATAR!



SO DAEMON
HAS NOT GIVEN
UP THE CHASE!
VERY WELL!
FEEL MY...
UNNGH!<



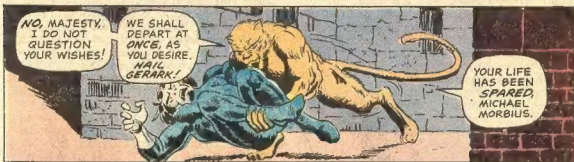
NO! ALREADY
THE SUNLIGHT
TAKES ITS TOLL!



ALREADY I AM
TOO WEAK TO--
>ARRGH!<

--TO
FIGHT
BACK--!

AND I AM COMPELLED BY
DAEMON'S SPELL OVER ME--TO
SMITE YOU, MICHAEL MORBIUS!





HE WAS *MINE*! I SUMMONED HIM FROM BEYOND! HE CAN'T HAVE REBELLED!

IT DEFILES ALL LAWS OF THE DARK ARTS!

CAN'T WE FOLLOW THEM, DAEMOND?



FOLLOW THEM-- WHERE? NOW?



EXCELLENT QUESTIONS, AND THE THREE CARETAKERS, VIEWING THE MACABRE SCENE FROM THEIR HEADQUARTERS OUTSIDE THE CITY, WISH THEY HAD THE ANSWERS--!

POOR DAEMOND, EVEN HIS DEMON SERVANTS DESERT HIM.



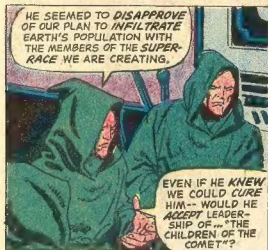
I FIND NO CAUSE FOR AMUSEMENT IN THIS TURN OF EVENTS, KAMMAR.

DAEMOND HAS LOST AN ALLY, TRUE-- BUT SO HAVE WE--



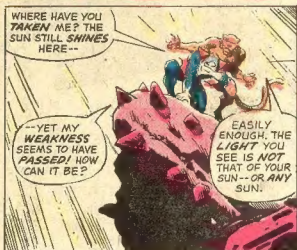
MORBIUS WAS TO HAVE PLAYED A CRUCIAL ROLE IN OUR STRATEGY FOR SAVING HUMANITY.

BUT WOULD WE HAVE WANTED THAT ROLE, ULAR?



HE SEEMED TO *DISAPPROVE* OF OUR PLAN TO INFILTRATE EARTH'S POPULATION WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE *SUPERS* WE ARE CREATING.

EVEN IF HE *KNEW* WE COULD CURE HIM-- WOULD HE ACCEPT LEADERSHIP OF... "THE CHILDREN OF THE COMET"?



WHERE HAVE YOU TAKEN ME? THE SUN STILL SHINES HERE--

--YET MY WEAKNESS SEEMS TO HAVE PASSED! HOW CAN IT BE?

EASILY ENOUGH, THE LIGHT YOU SEE IS NOT THAT OF YOUR SUN-- OR ANY SUN.



YOU SEE, THE HOME OF MY PEOPLE HAS NO SUN— ONLY THE GLOWSPHERE.

IT HANGS THERE IN OUR "SKY".

"...TO WARM US...TO LIGHT OUR PATHS...TO REMIND US ALWAYS THAT WE ARE THE PRISONERS OF—

--THE LAND WITHIN!"

THIS IS THE BIRTHPLACE OF DEMONS? IT CANNOT BE!

WHERE IS THIS "LAND WITHIN" WITHIN WHAT--?

WE...DO NOT KNOW. IT IS SIMPLY "WITHIN".



YOU-- YOU'VE NEVER
QUESTIONED--NEVER
TRIED TO LEARN WHERE--?

OF WHAT USE WOULD SUCH
KNOWLEDGE BE?, WHEN THERE
IS NO ESCAPE FROM THIS LAND...

...SAVE THE
SUMMONS.



BUT, COME... WE MUST
MOVE ON, YOU ARE TO HAVE
AUDIENCE WITH KING
GERARK AT THE PALACE.

AND I... I
HAVE MY
DEATH TO
ATTEND TO.

YOUR
WHAT?!



MY DEATH, BY
GERARK'S ORDER,
I **DISOBEYED**
A **SUMMONER**.
THE PUNISHMENT
IS...

BUT-- IF YOU
DID SO AT YOUR
SOVEREIGN'S
BIDDING--!



THAT DOES NOT
MATTER. INDEED,
GERARK WILL BE
MY **EXECUTIONER**--

HE WILL
KILL YOU--FOR
OBEYING HIM?

NO, FOR NOT
COMPLYING
WITH THE
SUMMONER.



BESIDES, BRINGING
YOU TO OUR LAND
WAS AN OFFENSE
IN ITSELF.

ALL OUTWORLDERS
ARE **FORBIDDEN**--
EXCEPT THE TAMERS,
OF COURSE.

OF
COURSE.

ARE YOU MAKING LIGHT OF OUR TRADITIONS--OUR SACRED LAWS?

NO. IT IS SIMPLY THAT... I DO NOT UNDERSTAND--ANY OF THIS!



"FEAR NOT, YOU SHALL COMPREHEND FULLY," SAYS BALKATAR, "WHEN YOU HAVE SPOKEN WITH KING GERARK--IN THE PALACE THRONE ROOM."

WELCOME, MORBIUS, INTO MY PRESENCE! AND BALKATAR-- WELCOME ALSO TO YOU!

THE ROYAL GUARD WILL ESCORT YOU TO YOUR CELL.



THE REST OF YOU--OUT! DEPART AT ONCE! I WOULD CONFER WITH OUR ALIEN GUEST!

I DEMAND AN EXPLANATION! WHY HAVE I BEEN BROUGHT HERE?

BE CALM, MY FRIEND-- AND I SHALL TELL YOU.

YOU WERE ABDUCTED... BECAUSE THE LAND WITHIN FACES THE MOST SERIOUS CRISIS IN ITS LONG HISTORY.

AND YOUR SPECIAL, EH, TALENTS MAY HELP US SOLVE OUR PROBLEM.

OH. AND WHAT SORT OF CRISIS IS IT THAT A VAMPIRE MIGHT ALLEVIATE?



WHY...ONE OF POPULATION, OF COURSE!



QUITE SIMPLY, MORBIUS, WE HAVE NEED OF AN INDISCRIMINATE KILLER.

YOU THINK ME
MAD, DON'T YOU?

PERHAPS IT WOULD
HELP IF I RELATED
TO YOU THE ORIGIN
OF OUR RACE AND
OUR LAND...!

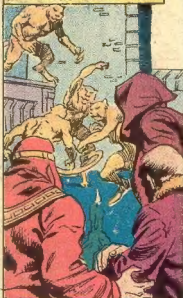


THE FIRST OF OUR KIND
WERE SPAWNED ON YOUR
WORLD, MORBIUS--

"A SORCERER NAMED
EBROK CREATED US
FROM QUITE ORDINARY
HOUSECATS... TO
AMUSE HIMSELF.



"WE WERE FEW IN NUMBER
AT FIRST, AND, OF COURSE,
RATHER PUNY IN INTELLECT,
HAVING BEEN CREATED
FULL-BLOWN FROM AN
INFERIOR SPECIES.



"BUT EBROK COULD NOT
RESIST CREATING MORE
OF US... TO GIVE AS PETS
TO HIS BROTHER SORCERERS.

"HE AND HIS FELLOWS FAILED
TO CONSIDER THAT WE WOULD
STILL REPRODUCE IN LITTERS--



--AND THAT OUR
INCREASED BRAIN
CAPACITY, WOULD,
AFTER A FEW
GENERATIONS,
PRESENT A
THREAT TO THEM.

"WE REVOLTED, NO LONGER
CONTENT TO BE PLAYTHINGS,
WE WANTED OUR FREEDOM--
AND WE SEIZED IT BY
WHATEVER MEANS WE COULD.



"BUT OUR REBELLION
SUCCEEDED ONLY
PARTIALLY. WE WON
THE RIGHT TO DETERMINE
OUR OWN DESTINY--
BUT NOT ON EARTH.

"THE SORCERERS WHO HAD
OWNED US WERE HUMANE
ENOUGH NOT TO DESTROY
US-- BUT THEY ALSO FELT
WE COULD NOT BE TRUSTED.



"SO THEY GATHERED TO CREATE
THIS CAGE FOR US! THIS
'LAND WITHIN!' AND THEY
IMPRISONED US HERE
FOR ALL TIME!

TOO, THEY FELT WE OWED THEM A DEBT FOR HAVING BROUGHT OUR RACE INTO BEING, SO, ON PENALTY OF GENOCIDE--

THEY REQUIRED THAT ONE OF EACH GENERATION OF OUR PEOPLE BE DEEMED THE BALKATAR.

THEN, YOU ARE NOT DEMONS AT ALL--BUT CREATURES OF FLESH AND BLOOD!

BUT THAT STILL DOES NOT EXPLAIN--

IT IS A TITLE, NOT A NAME. IT MEANS "THE SLIMMED ONE" AND WHATEVER HOLDS THE TITLE MUST SERVE THE EARTHMAN WHO CAN CALL HIM FORTH.

OUR CRISIS? ALLOW ME TO CONTINUE. ALL I'VE TOLD YOU SO FAR IS QUITE RELEVANT.

THE MARCHANS DO SEE, NEVER EXPECTED THAT WE WOULD CIVILIZE--BUILD A CULTURE, AS WE HAVE DONE.

THE FEEL, CERTAINLY, IS NO REMAINING, ANIMALISTIC.

THAT WARS AND PESTILENCE WOULD KEEP OUR POPULATION CONSTANT... AND WELL WITHIN BOUNDS OF WHAT OUR LAND COULD SUPPORT.

ONCE MORE THEIR VAUNTED WISDOM FAILED THEM, BARELY A CENTURY AFTER OUR IMPRISONMENT HERE--

AND OUR SCIENCE HAS FOUND CURES FOR MOST OF OUR DEADLIEST PLAGUES...

THE GREAT TREATY WAS SIGNED THERE HAS BEEN NO WAR EVER SINCE!

WHILE MURDER HAS BECOME VIRTUALLY NONEXISTENT CRIME IN OUR SOCIETY.

BUT WE HAVE CONTINUED TO MULTIPLY--IN LITTERS AS BEFORE.

AND, AS A RESULT, WE NOW FACE EXTINCTION! OUR AIR AND FOOD RESOURCES ARE ALMOST TOTALLY DEPLETED!

MAIL IT TO MORBIUS

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

A SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT FROM STAN, ROY, AND MARVEL COMICS

By the time this message appears in any of our mags, you'll already have noticed that all of our 36-page comic magazines are now 25¢—a nickel more than they were a few short weeks ago.

Maybe your first reaction to the price hike was the same as ours might be if we were in your shoes. 'What's Marvel trying to do to us, anyway? Don't they know we've got enough troubles, what with inflation, shortages, and an energy crisis on our hands, without trying to clip us for 5¢ more every time we want a little fantasy-filled escape from it all? What is this—some kind of rip-off, so that Stan and Roy can vacation on the Riviera this year?'

If that was your reaction. It's an understandable one—and we'd just like to ask you to listen to our side of it for a minute before you decide:

This year, the widely-publicized paper shortage (in addition to various labor settlements among the companies that print, sell, and distribute Marvel Comics) caused additional expenses to Marvel of several hundred thousand dollars. That means that we had to make that much extra money just to stay even, despite the fact that our sales in 1971 were the best in the business.

So, we had no choice, really, but to increase the cover price of our magazines, the same way that just about everybody else has to.

And, just in case you think we're now getting rich off that new-found nickel: Believe it or not, that extra copper only covers about half the cost of the paper strike and other shortages.

What're we doing about the whole situation?

We think the answer's obvious, if you take a look at some of the titles we're now publishing besides our 36-pagers. There's our increasingly popular 75¢ line of full-scale magazines, first of all. Already, our four flagship 75-centers are being joined by THE DEADLY HANDS OF KUNG FU and the return (on March 26) of Savage Tales—with two or three more much-requested types of mags already in the works.

Likewise, there's our spanking new, sensational 35¢ giant-size comics—a full 52 pages of colorful cavorting, and now a bigger bargain than ever!

Not only that, but the next few weeks will herald the coming of a brand new Marvel phenomenon: our swingin' SUPER-GIANTS, featuring one hundred big pages for just 60¢ including a feature-length new tale each and every issue. The Bullpen Bulletin Pages will give you the full scam, next time around—but rest assured that you're gonna be getting your money's worth!

Not only that—but we've got other plans we can't even hint at yet!

Well, that's about it. We've had our say.

About the only other thing we can do to affirm once more that, just as we've been doing for over a decade now, every artist and writer in the Bullpen will be striving night and day, even harder than ever (if that's possible), to see to it that you consider—each precious coin spent on a Marvel mag to be one of the wisest investments you ever made.

Let's lick this thing together, okay?

Thanks for listening.

Dear Marvel

I won't go into a long dissertation about how I approve of Morbius' getting a four-color series of his own or about how I long to see once again Gil Kane on his original creation. It goes without saying!

But I do feel a desire to tell you that if you don't let us see more of Paul Gulacy's fantastic artistry, you will be cheating Marvelites the world over out of one of the greatest delicacies at the Steranko-Smith and Starlin! More Paul Gulacy. I say—more!"

For the above reasons, ADVENTURE INTO FEAR #20 has been a highlight of my November comics buying/reading!

Don't get me wrong. Mike Friedrich's script was top-notch, too. Ditto for the work of the rest of the crew. The action was tight, the ending left me wanting more, and the concepts were original, to say the least.

Lot that art! Too much!! I feel chills every time I look at panel 4 on page eighteen.

Keep Paul Gulacy's Peace!

Larry C. Clary
1812 E. Bonanza
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear Roy, Mike, Paul, and Jack,

Morbius was always an original. Morbius was always tragic,

a man whose only horror was himself, ever attempting to escape the inescapable. And Morbius, no matter where he appeared, was always given special treatment by the Bullpen; whatever story he was featured in, it had to be a classic.

But never like this: FEAR #20 topped all the preceding Morbius stories. With all respect to Roy, Gil Kane, Don McGregor, and Rich Buckler...Mike Friedrich and Paul Gulacy truly provided an "Adventure Into Fear" in which the reader himself was drawn into the inescapable terror of the man called Morbius.

Mike Friedrich's plot and script kept the reader entranced. And Paul Gulacy, in this very first piece for Marvel, proved himself worthy of the attention of a Steranko, a Starlin, or a Brunner. His placement of panels, his weird and varied angles of perspective conveyed what Mike's words couldn't: the sheer, stark horror of Morbius. Jack Abel was beautiful on the inks.

I'm sure it made Roy and Gil proud to see their creation given the treatment of a first-class innovation. Please, please experiment with new and "different" storylines and situation: branch out and let your imaginations run wild with this series. Morbius is neither hero nor villain: he is like no other character yet presented: a Nobel prizewinner turned living nightmare, a tragic, solitary figure. A lot can be done with that concept, folks, so do it like it's never been done before!"

Mike Lerer
Pittsburgh, Pa

Dear Marvel,

I never drunk...wine. And I never read...vampire comics. But—I picked up the first installment of MORBIUS and was surprisingly impressed. Mr. Gulacy is obviously a recent graduate (Phi Beta Kappa) of the Steranko School of Art. NICE.

The plot was unusual and enjoyable. The added touch of the X-Men was nostalgically warming. The only disappointment was that waste of a reprint. How about coughing up a few extra pennies and doing a full-length story?

If your DRACULA is of similar quality. I may just pick it up.

Clarence Rutherford
45789 Beechwood Ave.
L. Pitschville, Indiana

Let's put it his way, Clarence. TOMB OF DRACULA is drawn and inked by Gene Colan and Tom Palmer, and written by Marv Wolfman. And if that isn't enough to get you interested in it—and convince you of its superior quality—we might also mention that it's one of Marvel's biggest sellers. (In other words: yeah, buy it. You'll like it. Honest.) In fact, one of Drac's most interesting nemeses, the vampire-slayer called Blade, will be making an appearance in an upcoming issue of this very magazine soon.

But enough about the old Prince of Evil. This is Michael Morbius. And judging from the mail-reaction of Marvel-dom. Altogether, it's off to a rousing success. Literally every letter we received (at least as of this writing) was favorable. There were criticisms, of course, but most of them were of the minor sort. And that's very gratifying. Thank you, Larry Clary, Mike Lerer, Clarence Rutherford, and all you others who showered us with good words and good wishes. We're trying hard to live up to your expectations.

The intensely favorable reaction to Paul Gulacy's artwork prompts us to mention that Paul will shortly be assuming the pencilling chores on another of Marvel's newest smash sensations, MASTER OF KUNG FU. Don't miss that one, hear?

And as for Mike Friedrich, you'll find him, as always on IRON MAN, KA-ZAR, and WEREWOLF BY NIGHT.

For those of you who enjoyed Steve Gerber's scripting on this issue and last, you can find more of his wondrous (well, semi-wondrous, anyway) words in DAREDEVIL, SON OF SATAN, TALES OF THE ZOMBIE, MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE (starring the ever-lovin' blue-eyed Thing and a different guest-star each ish), and, of course, the macabre MAN-THING mag.

And Rich Beckler, whose artwork shines in this issue, is around every month in FANTASTIC FOUR, and he'll soon be assuming the pencilling of WAR OF THE WORLDS, as well.

Who will draw MORBIUS next issue, you ask? Funny. We're asking the same question. We'll both find out in sixty days, when the next ADVENTURE INTO FEAR goes on sale. But—before about that issue after more of your comments.

Dear Bullpen,

FEAR #20 with MORBIUS was just superb. However, let me get right to the point. Being the type of Jew that he was, i.e., chassidic, Rabbi Krause would undoubtedly be wearing a skullcap or surgical cap, but would not be bareheaded, as depicted on pages fourteen through seventeen. How about a no-prize?

Shalom and regards from all the guys here at H.U.C.

New Kra t
Hebrew Union College
3101 Clifton Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio 45220

It's yours, Neil. But the way everybody else was skulking around so mysteriously in FEAR #20, we wouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that Krause was actually a Reform sephardic Jew, posing as a chassidic for some nutty, inscrutable reason. (More likely, Mike Friedrich, a Catholic who can't tell gefilte fish from matzo, just plain goofed.) But we don't wanna admit that, do we?

All of which brings us to...

NEXT ISSUE: Morbius—alone against Arcturus! What's an Arcturus, you ask? Well, it's a reddish star in the constellation of Virgo, for one thing. And it's the star-system that birthed the uncanny Caretakers, for another. But it's also a man—sort of. And the rest is a surprise. A BIG surprise. So be here—or we'll bite you!



THIS IS IT! YOUR
**MARVEL
VALUE
STAMP**

FOR THIS ISSUE!
CLIP 'EM AND
COLLECT 'EM!

BEYOND THE OUTER LIMITS OF TERROR LIES--

THE HAUNT OF HORROR

IT'S MORE THAN A MAGAZINE -- IT'S
A NEW MIND-BOGGLING EXCURSION
INTO FEAR IN THE MACABRE
STYLE!

"The RATS!" THEY INVADE THE
CITY BY NIGHT...
CLAWING...KILLING!

"IN THE SHADOWS OF THE CITY!"
HE IS SEARCHING FOR YOU... WAITING IN
THE DARKNESS... WITH HIS KNIFE... WAITING...

"HIS OWN KIND!" THE WEREWOLF
WANTED A WIFE...
A HUMAN WIFE!
(FROM THE
SHIMMER STORY
BY THOMAS
M. DISCH)



**THIS--AND MORE--IN OUR FEARFUL
FIRST ISSUE!**
ALL GLITHERING YOUR WAY ON MARCH 19th
BE THERE OR ELSE!

ONLY
75¢

WE DO NOT WISH TO KILL ONE ANOTHER-- SO WE HAVE CHOSEN INSTEAD TO INTRODUCE A DESTRUCTIVE FORCE INTO OUR SOCIETY.



YOU SHALL BE THAT FORCE, MORBIUS. YOU WERE BROUGHT HERE... TO FEED ON MY PEOPLE.

NO! YOU CANNOT BE SERIOUS! I DESPISE MY VAMPIRIC AFFLICTION-- I LOATHE THE MANIA OF MY THIRST!



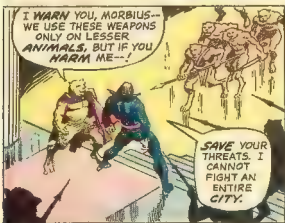
AND I WOULD HATE MYSELF IF I ASSUMED THIS HIDEOUS "TASK" OF YOURS!

ALAS, YOU HAVE NO CHOICE. THERE IS NO WAY BACK TO EARTH FOR YOU.

NO WAY BACK?! YOU'VE TRAPPED ME HERE?! WHAT GIVES YOU THE RIGHT--?



GUARDS! GUARDS!



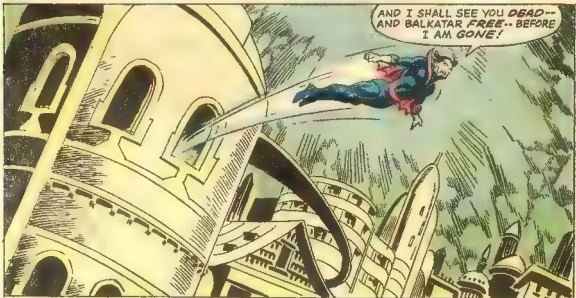
I WARN YOU, MORBIUS-- WE USE THESE WEAPONS ONLY ON LESSER ANIMALS, BUT IF YOU HARM ME--!

SAVE YOUR THREATS. I CANNOT FIGHT AN ENTIRE CITY.



BUT NEITHER CAN I CONDEMN MYSELF TO A LIFETIME OF LIVING ON OTHERS' BLOOD!

I SHALL ESCAPE THIS WORLD, GERARK! I SWEAR IT!



AND I SHALL SEE YOU DEAD-- AND BALKATAR FREE-- BEFORE I AM GONE!



I WONDER... MY
SUNLIGHT ALLERGY
DOES NOT AFFECT
ME HERE...

MIGHT NOT THE
GLOWSPHERE ALSO
CANCEL OUT MY THIRST?

I CAN ONLY
PRAY, PERHAPS--!



AND PERHAPS...
NOT!

NO! EVEN NOW,
I FEEL THE DRYNESS
AT THE BACK OF MY
THROAT! EVEN NOW...!

IF ONLY I'D
SLEPT-- I MIGHT
HAVE BEEN
STRONG ENOUGH
TO STAVE OFF
THE CRAVING
FOR HOURS!



BUT NOW--
NOW-- I
MUST
DRINK!!

YOU, WOMAN--
YOU SHALL BE
MY FEAST!



RAZOR-SHARP FANGS
PART THE SMOOTH FUR
ON THE CATWOMAN'S
NECK AND PLUNGE
DEEP INTO HER SOFT,
WARM FLESH!

--MEEEEAAAGH!



IN MOMENTS, THE LIVING
VAMPIRE'S THIRST IS SATIATED--
AND HIS VICTIM'S CORPSE
IS DRAINED.

SHORTLY, MORBIUS WILL
REALIZE WHAT HE HAS
DONE... AND BE FILLED
WITH ANGER AND REVULSION.



BUT THIS TIME, HE WILL NOT BE
ALONE IN THOSE FEELINGS--

I-- I'VE KILLED HER! I COULDN'T
RESTRAINED MYSELF-- DRUNK
ONLY WHAT I NEEDED--

UNNGH!

BUT THE THIRST CAME
OVER ME WITH SUCH
POWER THAT--

THAT CAT-MEN!
SO GREAT WAS MY
HUNGER, I
ACTUALLY FORGOT
THEY WERE HERE!

WE'LL SEE TO
IT YOU DON'T
FORGET AGAIN,
MURDERER!

WHILE HIGH ABOVE, IN THE
PALACE TOWER, GERARK
LOOKS DOWN ON THE SCENE
WITH PLEASURE--AND PANIC!

EXCELLENT! HIS
CRUSADE TO SAVE
THE LAND WITHIN
HAS BEGUN--EVEN
AGAINST HIS WILL!

HE MUST NOT
BE HARMED!
GORD-- TAKE
A UNIT OF YOUR
MEN DOWN
THERE! SEE
THAT MORBIUS
ESCAPES!

YES, YOUR
MAJESTY!

THEY MEAN
TO DESTROY
ME-- AND
PERHAPS
THAT IS
BEST.

I CAN DO
NAUGHT
HERE BUT
KILL MORE
OF THEM.

THE BATTLE-- SUCH AS IT IS--
LASTS LESS THAN A MINUTE
BEFORE MORBIUS IS OVERCOME
BY THE CAT-MEN'S SHEER
NUMBERS...

THE RIVER! TOSS
HIM INTO THE RIVER
OF OBLIVION!

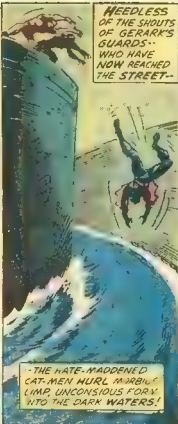
...AND HIS OWN
UNWILLINGNESS
TO FIGHT BACK!

THE RIVER OF OBLIVION:
THAT CURIOUS STREAM
WHICH FLOWS ACROSS THE
LAND WITHIN, FROM
NOWHERE-- TO NOWHERE!

AYE! LET'S DROWN
HIM LIKE A
COMMON RAT!



HEEDLESS
OF THE SHOUTS
OF GERARK'S
GUARDS--
WHO HAVE
NOW REACHED
THE STREET--



THE HATE-MADDENED
CAT-MEN HURL MORGUE
LIMP, UNCONSIDERED FOR
INTO THE DARK WATERS!

YOU FOOLS!
GERARK HAD
DECREEED THAT
NO HARM COME
TO THE
OUTWORLDER!
AND YOU'VE
DOOMED HIM--

--SENT HIM ON
A VOYAGE TO
THE DREADED
OUTSIDE! IF
HE LIVES TO
GET THERE!



THE COLD OF THE RIVER
WOULD CHILL ANY MAN
TO THE MARROW-- AND
IT REACHES TO THE
HOLLOW OF MORBIUS'
BONES

AND WAKES
HIM!

THE RIVER!
THEY'VE
TOSSED ME
HERE TO
DIE!



AND YET-- PERHAPS
THEY HAVE HANDLED ME
MY ESCAPE FROM
THIS WORLD!



THE WATER SEEMS TO
VANISH DIRECTLY
INTO THE WALL OF
THIS PLACE-- AS IF IT
HAD NO SUBSTANCE.

PERHAPS THAT
ALSO HOLDS TRUE--

--FOR ANYTHING
IN THE WATER!



YES!!

NOW I NEED ONLY
WONDER... WHERE
DOES THE RIVER
LEAD?



NEXT!
ALONE
AGAINST
ARCTURUS!

A
\$4 Value

A SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Send only 25¢

Blair Division of Chap Stick Co., Dept. 2728E, Lynchburg, Va. 24505

Enclosed is 25¢ in coin. Send my Here's Love Spray Perfume and free Blair money-making kit and catalog.

Name Age

Address

City State Zip

90-20-400H

\$4 RETAIL VALUE — YOURS FOR ONLY 25¢

Here's Love Spray Perfume

Discover how easy it is to earn \$25, \$50, or more a week in just a few hours. No obligation. Send 25¢ in coin for your spray perfume — a \$4 value. We'll send perfume with complete information on how you can earn extra money — full-time or part-time — by introducing Blair beauty and home products to friends, neighbors. Earn up to 40% commission on each order. Save money by ordering your own beauty aids, home products, at wholesale prices. Send for free kit and catalog. No obligation.

BLAIR

Dept. 2728E
Lynchburg, Va. 24505



UNABASHED
ANNOUNCEMENT
DEPT.

WE'LL KEEP IT
SHORT AND SWEET!

SAVAGE
TALES
IS COMING
BACK AGAIN--
ON MARCH 26!

AND
CRAZY
IS ALREADY
HERE TO
STAY!
(ON SALE
RIGHT
NOW--!)



ALSO ON SALE IN MARCH:
DRACULA LIVES, VOL. 2, #2!

WILLIE BROWN IS OUT TO GET ME!



I RAN OUTTA THE SALOON WITHOUT EVEN STOPPIN' FOR MY HAT! I HADDA HIDE BEFORE WILLIE BROWN FOUND ME!



I SHOULD'A KNOWN! I SHOULD'A FIGGERED HE'D COME TO MY ROOM FIRST! THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...



IT WAS DARK ON THE ROOF...AND I WAS GLAD! BUT MY HEART THUMPED SO HARD AGAINST MY RIBS I WAS AFRAID WILLIE BROWN WOULD HEAR IT CLEAR DOWN BELOW!



AND THEN I HEARD IT! I'D'VE KNOWN THAT VOICE **ANYWHERE!** IT BELONGED TO WILLIE BROWN!



YOU CAN'T GET AWAY, MONK! I'M GONNA GET YOU!

WILLIE!

MY GUN WAS IN MY HAND BUT I WAS STILL SCARED STIFF! I WAS SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF AS I HEARD HIM COME CLOSER... CLOSER...



I KNOW YOU'RE THERE, MONK! I CAN HEAR YOU BREATHIN'!

THEN I SAW HIM! HE DIDN'T HAVE A GUN...AND HE WAS ONLY HALF MY SIZE! NORMALLY, I COUL'D'A BUSTED HIM IN TWO WITH ONE HAND! BUT THE SIGHT OF HIM MADE ME FREEZE IN TERROR...MY GUN DROPPED FROM MY PARALYZED FINGERS...

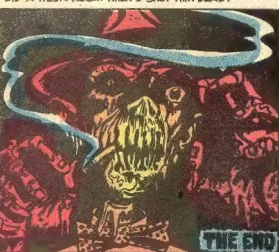


FINALLY, I FIGGERED A QUICK DEATH IS BETTER THAN FACIN' WILLIE BROWN! SO I LEAPED OVER THE EDGE OF THE ROOF, AND STARTED FALLING SIX STORIES DOWN!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME! I'LL DIE FIRST!

THE LAST SIGHT I SAW IN THIS WORLD WAS WILLIE'S FACE... WATCHIN' ME FALL! HE LOOKED MUCH WORSE THAN HE DID A WEEK AGO... WHEN I SHOT HIM DEAD!



THE END